

# Englands Captivity Returned,

With  
A Farwel to COMMON-VWEALTHS,

To the Tune of, The brave Sons of Mars.



Come lets now reioyce,  
All with a loud voice,  
at the return of charles our King,  
With a hearty good prayer,  
He may never come there, (bzng  
where the Traytors his Father did

Let us all make a noise,  
Both young men and hopes,  
with a great acclamation of joy  
Whilst these Traytors lament,  
(But want grace to repent)  
which so long did our King annoy.

Farwel a free State,  
Such Rascals we hate,  
as we here of late dayes have had,  
Such Plots theyd contrive,  
When they were alive,  
enough for to make us all mad.

But whel let them alone,  
Which from hence are gone,  
cause their reward will be paid them  
But leave them where they are,  
Whel neither make oz war, (them  
noz never from thence wel perswade

My Lord Monck's the man,  
Though his lifes but a span,  
he hath imployed that little so well,  
That in true loyalty,  
I can none espie  
that can this great worthy excell.

To bzng home our King,  
It was the only thing, (ple,  
could make all things well for the peo.  
And such joy for t there was,  
As in the streets I did passe, (Steeple,  
that the Bells almost leapt out ony

The second part to the same Tune.



Whom of your Nobles will do so,  
for to maintain the Commonalty,  
Such militiours would neber grow,  
nor be such store of poverty.

I would I had a spik-maid been,  
on horn of some moze low degree,  
Then I might have loved where I like,  
and no man could have hindered me.

O I would I were some Peomans child,  
for to receive my position now,  
According unto my degree  
as other Virgins whom I know.

The highest branch that springes aloft,  
needs must be shade the middle tree,  
Needs must the shadow of them both,  
shadow the thire in this degree.

But when the tree is cut and gone,  
and from the ground is born away,  
The lowly tree that there doth stand,  
in time may grow as high as they.

Once when I thought to have been Queen  
but yet that still I do deny,  
I know your grace had right to the Crown  
before Elizabeth did dy.

Yon of the eldest sister came,  
I of the second in degree,  
The Earl of Hertford of the thire,  
a man of Royall blood quod she.

And so god night my Soberaign Liege,  
since in the Tower I must ly,  
I hope your Grace will condescend,  
that I may have my liberty.

Lady Arabella said our King,  
I to your freedom would consent  
If you would turn and go to Church,  
there to receive the Sacrament.

And so, on night Arabella fair,  
our King to her replied again,  
I will take Counsel of my Nobility,  
that you your freedoms may obtain.

Once moze to Prison must I go,  
Lady Arabella then did say,  
To leave my love beeds all my too,  
the which will be my lyes decay.

Love is a knot none can unknit,  
fancy a liking of the heart,  
He whom I love I cannot forget,  
though from his presence I must part.

The meanest people enjoy their mates,  
but I was born unhappily,  
For being cross by cruel fate,  
I want both love and liberty.

But death I hope, will end the strife,  
Farewel, I. wel, dear love quod I  
Once had I thought to have been thy wife  
but now am forc'd to part from thee.

At this sad meeting she had cause,  
in heart and mind to grieve full sore,  
After that Arabella fair,  
did never see Lord Seymore moze.

FINIS.

The second part, to the same Tune



**G**od Subjects and they  
 What lo'd him did pray  
 but Rebels did with the ship  
 were cast away  
 for fear Divine Justice  
 Should turn them all oze, (on shore.  
 When Charles King of England is safe set

The joy that did ring  
 Just at his landing  
 did pierce the high heavens with  
 GOD save the KING.  
 the Rocks in an Echo  
 As loudly did roare,  
 To see Charls the Second come safely, &c.

The Trumpets did sound  
 The Lutes did rebound,  
 with hands lift to heaven,  
 And knees on the ground,  
 they all did give thanks and  
 True praises god stole,  
 To see Charls the second come, &c.

The Cannons at Dover,  
 And every rober,  
 did thunder with joy that  
 The King was come ower,  
 some Caps were cast up  
 What they never saw moze,  
 For joy Charls the second was safe, &c.

Men, women, and babes,  
 Did make such a noise  
 they met <sup>one</sup> Christendom  
 King with <sup>their</sup> <sup>own</sup>  
 such high clamorous  
 were nere there before,  
 For joy Charls the second was, &c.

The true men of Kent  
 And all that was in't,  
 deserve their good deeds should be  
 Publish'd in Print,  
 a Royal just Count  
 And sufferers soze.  
 Till Charls King of England was, &c.

Put on thy rich Robe  
 Thy Crown and the Globe  
 for thou hast ben well nigh as  
 Patient as Job,  
 such intricate hazards were  
 here known before,  
 But thanks be to God thou art safe set, &c.

May every Kneet  
 Of him strong continue,  
 true peace and prosperitie  
 Waite his Revenue,  
 God bless my Lord Monke too  
 the humblemploze, (on shore  
 By whom Charls the Second got safely  
 FINIS.